

# The Owingsville Outlook.

VOL. XVIII.

OWINGSVILLE, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1897.

NO. 52.

A large lot of hats at half price at Mrs. Estill's.

Hats cut in all kinds of summer goods at Mrs. Estill's.

Knob Lick corpt. has a good article on "free" turnpikes.

The semi-annual reports of the two banks appear in this issue.

Remember that Mrs. Estill's is the place to buy cheap goods for cash.

J. M. Richart bought Richard Bigstaff's tobacco, on Flat Creek, at 45¢.

Hillsboro corpt. has an excellent report of the Fourth at Willroy's woods.

Goodpaster Bros. bought Newton J. Carpenter's tobacco, on Jones' Branch, at 5¢.

Geo. A. Peed bought A. J. Horseman's tobacco, on Naylor's Branch, at 4¢.

Smokers, Attention! Try the "Engagement Ring" Cigar, at R. T. Gault's grocery.

As Jim Miller would say, the thermometer was up to "negro" Saturday and Sunday.

A shower Monday night was cooling and refreshing to humanity and helpful to vegetation.

Go to Mrs. Estill and she will give you more goods for your money than any other house in town.

Several citizens are having incandescent electric lights put in their business houses and residences.

Born, Friday night, July 3d, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Nesbitt, a son (James Monroe)—their first born.

The colored school here will be taught by James Magowan, of Mt. Sterling, assisted by the wife, of Thomas Foley, of this town.

J. M. Richart sold 21 blids, of tobacco on the Louisville side, June 30th at \$16, \$18.25, \$10.75, \$10.50, \$9, \$8, \$8.50, \$5.50 to \$5.00.

of their coming on the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 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## Owingsville Outlook.

D. S. ESTILL, Publisher.

OWINGSVILLE, : KENTUCKY.

### THE COMING MAN.

A pair of very chubby legs,  
Enclosed in coarse hose,  
A pair of very heavy boots,  
With rather double toes;  
A little lift, a little coat—  
Or as a mother can—  
And before us stands in state  
The future's "coming man."

His eyes are bright, he will read the stars,  
And when they are dimmed—  
Perchance the human heart and soul  
Will open to their gaze;  
Perchance their keen and flashing glance  
Will be a natural light;  
"How are you?"—a manly, winsome beat,  
"How some 'big fellers'—kites."

These hands—show little, busy hands—  
So sticky, small and brown;  
These hands whose only mission seems  
To pull all order down;  
We know what strength may be  
Hidden in these veins;  
Though now fit for a bantam,  
In sturdy hand they grasp;

Oh, blessings on those little hands,  
Whose work is yet undone,  
And blessings on those little feet,  
Whose steps are yet untried;  
And blessings on those little brain,  
That has not learned to cry—  
"Whatever the future holds in store,  
God bless the 'coming man!'"

—Somerset Journal.

## CAPTAIN CLOSE

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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II.—CONTINUED.

"This," said Lambert to himself, "is possibly the end of the scrub oaks. I assume he doesn't imagine me to be an officer, and, in any event, he could say so and I couldn't prove the contrary. Ergo, I'll let him into the secret without letting him imagine I'm netted."

"They were made by my tailor, corporal," said he. "He also made the uniform which I, perhaps, should have put on before coming out to camp." ("That's right to fitch him," thought he.) "Where will I find Capt. Close?"

"He's over there," said the corporal, with a careless jerk of the head in the direction of the opposite wall tent. "Then I suppose you're the new lieutenant, and the fellers have been talking about?"

"I'm; and would you mind telling me how long you've been in service?"

"Me? Oh, I reckon about two months—longer 'n you have, anyhow. You ain't joined yet, have you?"

And the corporal was nibbling at a twig now and looking up in good-humored interest.

Then, as Lambert found no words for immediate reply, he went on: "Cap's awake, if you want to see him." And, amazed at this reception, yet not knowing whether to be indignant or amused, Lambert sprang down the pathway, across the open space between tents. A dozen of the men started up to stare at but none so as to him, and halted before the tent of his company commander.

Stitting just within the half-opened door, a thick-set, burly man of middle age was holding in his left hand a coarse hawthorn with his right he was making unsuccessful jokes with some black thread at the eye thereof. So intent was he upon this task that he never heard Lambert's footfall nor noted his coming, and the lieutenant, while pausing a moment irresolute, took quirks of observation of the stranger and his surroundings. He was clad in the gray skirt and light-blue trousers such as were worn by the rank and file. An ordinary soldier's blouse was thrown over the back of the camp-stool on which he sat, and his feet were encased in the coarse woolen socks and heavy brogans and feathered things, just exactly such as the soldier cool was wearing at the hissing fire a few paces away. His suspenders were hung about his waist, and in his lap seat uppermost and showing a slender mitten. In that were a pair of uniform breeches, with a wide waist of dark blue, along the outer seam. They were thin and shiny like bologna, in places, and the patch which seemed destined to cover the rent was five shades too dark for the purpose. His hands were brown and knotted and hard. He wore a silver ring on the third finger of the left. His face was brown as his hands, and clean shaved (barring the stubble of two days' growth) everywhere, except the heavy "goatee," which, beginning at the corners of his broad, firm mouth, covered thickly his throat and chin. His eyes were large, clear, dark brown in line, and heavily shaded. His hair, close cropped and sprinkled with gray, was almost black.

The morning air was keen, yet no fire blazed in the little camp slow behind him, and the fittings of the tent, so far as the visitor could see, were of the plainest description. Not caring to stand longer, Lambert cleared his throat and began:

"I'm looking for Capt. Close."

Whereupon the man engaged in tending the fire slowly wiped his left eye he had seen red tight shut, and as slowly raised his head, calmly looked his visitor over and at last slowly replied:

"That's my name."

III.

Newton Lambert has more than once in the course of his years of service been heard to say that of all the odd sensations he ever experienced that which possessed him on the occasion of his reporting for duty with his first company was the oddest. Accustomed during his four years of cadet life to be face with punctilions respect in the presence of officers, young or old, he was accustomed also through his mother's "dilettante" at the academy that summer to be face with the exaggerated deference which the old non-commissioned officers seemed to delight in showing to young graduates. Lambert was unprepared for the hall-fellow-well-meaning nature of his reception by the enlisted men and the absolute impudence of his one brother officer. "At all times he knew very well, in visiting classmates already duty with their bairries among the New York and New England fairs, as well as during his brief stay at the barracks, he had noted the scrupulous deference of the veterans when addressing their officers. He could understand awkwardness and clumsiness among the recruits, but the idea of a corporal chafing him on the cut of his clothes and—the idea of a two months' recruit being a corporal, anyhow! Never! Up to the tales told of the fine zouaves of '61 had he heard of anything much more free-and-easy than the manners of this camp of regulars. His wild dream had been to find in Capt. Close a specimen of the com-

by vivid description of him. Put them come a time when they no longer laughed and he no longer told his secret to those he loved and trusted at all.

Aroused by some unusual chatter among the men, the first sergeant of company B, smoking a pipe while working over a ration-return, stuck his head out of his tent and saw a young gentleman in a light-colored suit, courteously raising a drab derby in his gloved hand, while he stood erect and solidly cast before the company commander. Sergt. Burns also noted that some of the men were tittering and all of them looking on. One ginned was enough. The sergeant dropped pen and pipe and came out of his tent with a single "I'm"! Untying his blouse and placing about him as he did so, "Hail, your d—d gal, you!" he fiercely growled at the nearest recruit. "Not little you see, there!" he swore at another, while with menacing hand motioned to others still whose costume was as yet incomparable to his. Like a suppressed whale, the part of the soul cast up by his sergeant's remark upon the cost of living in the dell, but sensations and experiences were swolling thickly upon him and there was little time for trifles.

Through the good offices of Sergt. Burns, a wall tent was pitched, that morning far "the new lieutenant" to the left of the domicile of the company commander; a wooden bunt was knocked up in an "A" tent in the back, and Lambert began unpacking his trunk and setting up house-keeping.

"I suppose I can get what furniture I want in town," said he to Close.

"Depends on what you want," replied the senior, warily, "and whether you care to throw away your money. What'd you want to get? They will skin the last cent out of you three at Colen's."

"I merely wanted some cheap truck for camp, and some washstand fixings," Lambert avowed, falling into the veranda of his comrade with the ease of one just out of the national school, most as complete as that which was maintained, for that time, at the tent of the commanding officer. Lambert actually did not know what to say in response to his superior's announcement. It was full ten o'clock, or noon, before he determined in what form to couch his next remarks. He had learned to say: "I have the honor to report for duty, sir;" but a vague suspicion possessed him that this might be some game at his expense some print, such as old cadets played upon "pilots." He compromised, therefore, between his preconception of a strictly soldierly report and his sense of what might be due his own dignity. "My name is Lambert," said he. "And I am here for duty as second lieutenant."

Slowly the man in the camp-chair laid down his work, striking the needle into the flap of the tent and hanging the thread upon it. Then he heaved up out of the chair, hung the damaged trousers over his back and came ponderously forward. Not a vestige of a smile lightened his face. He looked the young gentleman earnestly in the eye and slowly extended his big, brown, hairy hand. Seeing that it was meant for him, Lambert shifted his hat into the left, leaning his sword against the tent-pole, and his dainty kid a wild extravagance so soon after the war was at instant elapsed, then slowly released. Capt. Close unquestioningly had a powerful "grasp."

Lambert had precious little money left, even after drawing his November pay in New Orleans, and he had a big mileage to the collection for in those months was paid to the young graduate in advance even though he had to find his way by the thumbs to the mouth of the Columbia. He thanked his comrade, and by evening was put in possession of an old lot of camp furniture, some items of which were in good repair and others valuable only as relics of the war. A camp mattress, and some chairs bore the name of Tighe, and the soldier who carried them in between tents. A dozen of the men starting up to stare at but none so as to him, and halted before the tent of his company commander.

Stitting just within the half-opened door, a thick-set, burly man of middle age was holding in his left hand a coarse hawthorn with his right he was making unsuccessful jokes with some black thread at the eye thereof. So intent was he upon this task that he never heard Lambert's footfall nor noted his coming, and the lieutenant, while pausing a moment irresolute, took quirks of observation of the stranger and his surroundings. He was clad in the gray skirt and light-blue trousers such as were worn by the rank and file. An ordinary soldier's blouse was thrown over the back of the camp-stool on which he sat, and his feet were encased in the coarse woolen socks and heavy brogans and feathered things, just exactly such as the soldier cool was wearing at the hissing fire a few paces away. His suspenders were hung about his waist, and in his lap seat uppermost and showing a slender mitten. In that were a pair of uniform breeches, with a wide waist of dark blue, along the outer seam. They were thin and shiny like bologna, in places, and the patch which seemed destined to cover the rent was five shades too dark for the purpose. His hands were brown and knotted and hard. He wore a silver ring on the third finger of the left. His face was brown as his hands, and clean shaved (barring the stubble of two days' growth) everywhere, except the heavy "goatee," which, beginning at the corners of his broad, firm mouth, covered thickly his throat and chin. His eyes were large, clear, dark brown in line, and heavily shaded. His hair, close cropped and sprinkled with gray, was almost black.

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though he thought it high time for that official to suggest something better, Lambert said he should be most grateful if that could be done—and if there were no objections, he, too, looked expectantly at the senior officer.

"I guess that's about the best we can do," said Close, slowly. "Faint's what you've been accustomed to, but it's what I always eat. Send us up something, sergeant—enough for two; I'll take another snack with the lieutenant."

And in less than five minutes Lambert and his new comrade were seated by a little fire on which a tin coffee pot was hissing, and with a broad pine shelf upon their knees. From big things and broad things, were discussing a smoking repast of pink and brown, to the accompaniment of bread and sump and encampments coffee. "It's the way I always prefer to live when I'm in the field," said Close. "I'll eat it only costs you nine dollars a month."

Lambert was too hungry not to relish even such a breakfast. He fancied he heard something that sounded like a suppressed whale, the very issues of the sea. "I'm a soldier through and through," he said, "and I'm not afraid to tell you, but I'm not a soldier through and through, the camp, the camp, as most as complete as that which was maintained, for that time, at the tent of the commanding officer. Lambert actually did not know what to say in response to his superior's announcement. It was full ten o'clock, or noon, before he determined in what form to couch his next remarks. He had learned to say: "I have the honor to report for duty, sir;" but a vague suspicion possessed him that this might be some game at his expense some print, such as old cadets played upon "pilots." He compromised, therefore, between his preconception of a strictly soldierly report and his sense of what might be due his own dignity. "My name is Lambert," said he. "And I am here for duty as second lieutenant."

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## Owingsville Outlook

D. S. COFFEE, PUBLISHER.

OWINGSVILLE, KY.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1 YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1897.

### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For Circuit Judge.

We are authorized to announce W. S. Gundell as a candidate for Judge of the 21st Judicial district, subject to the action of the Republican party.

For County Clerk.

We are authorized to announce Samuel A. Barber, of Wyoming, as a candidate for County Clerk of Bath county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

For Assessor.

Geo. R. Markwell, of Reynolds ville, is a candidate for the Republican nomination for Assessor of Bath county.

Correspondents will please remember to always mail their items so that they will reach us on Monday. This matter is seriously important to us.

NOTICE.—Obituaries, memorials, etc., not exceeding 80 words, inserted free; \$1 charged for each additional eighty words.

Clubbing Terms.

For OWINGSVILLE OUTLOOK and either of the following will be sent for one year for the price named: Owingsville and Twice-a-month Louisville Courier-Journal, \$1.50.

Outlooks and Louisville Weekly Dispatch for \$1.75.

The passage of the tariff bill by the Senate is expected this week.

AND GONE. Had Boies, of Iowa, hit "16 to 1" a body blow? Treason!

LEADVILLE, Colorado, had a snow storm Saturday while the effects East was swelling.

SENATOR MILLS introduced an amendment to the tariff bill providing an internal revenue tax of 20 cents per pack on playing cards and was astonished to have it adopted unanimously.

"The party that desires the continuation of hard times is the only party that is not going to receive the confidence of the American people," says the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Some 200,000 coal miners in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois are about to be led by their chief men into a strike. It seems a foolish thing to do when the country is recovering from financial depression.

NEXT Wednesday, July 14th, the State convention of the Kentucky National Democrats will assemble at Louisville. Up to Saturday night 98 out of the 119 counties notified Secretary Carroll that they would send full delegations.

The fact that Gen. Woodford, Minister to Spain, and other members of the legation are not going to take their families with them to Madrid is ominous of trouble over Cuba when the demands of the United States are made known to Spain.

The correspondents are not just to Gen. Nelson A. Miles he made of himself at the Queen's Jubilee in London what the Englishman pronounces as it was split with the eighth, first and nineteenth letters of the alphabet, the latter letter repeated.

LOVING W. GAINES, editor of the Elton Progress, President of the K. P. A., doesn't believe that pseudo-newspaper should share the courtesies extended to the legitimate members of the Association on the annual jaunt. He says: "Give us strictly no Kentucky Press Association next time."

"By the eternal, the Association must rid itself of the hangers-on."

As a direct result of the recent Court of Appeals decision, four Louisville building and loan companies made assignments last week. It has been generally conceded that such companies afforded one of the very best forms of investment for small savings, and it does look like the indiscriminate results on all capital have landed a crushing blow on the poor people who desire to save by that method.

LEXINGTON is having a time with Mr. and Mrs. Justin Rice, evangelists or cow-boy preachers, the latter of whom was arrested for preaching on the streets, and re-arrested, after being bailed out, for the same offense. A suit for damages will be brought by the preachers. Rice and the Salvation Army leader also wrangled over which should have a certain position on the street to preach. They set a curious example for moral teachers.

The Ohio Silver convention was as silver mad as the late Ky. Con. Robert T. Hough was not wild enough for silver, and George L. Chapman, a large coal operator, defeated him for the Gubernatorial nomination. John R. McLean is accused of characteristic treachery by all hands round except his personal friends, and they are going to give him a run for his money in the race for the Senatorial nomination against Congressmen J. S. Song, the Middleton, who are to meet in a few weeks.

John G. Carlisle will probably be chosen Chairman of the State National Democratic convention.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

Forge Hill.

Walter Williams visited relatives at Ossessa Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Jennie Riddle, of Forge Hill, is visiting friends at Sharpsburg.

Miss Annie Atchison, of near Mt. Stelling, is visiting Joseph A. Williams.

The two daughters of two, many were guests of Jack Toy and wife, near Wyoming, Saturday and Sunday.

James Robbins, son of W. H. Robbins, was wedded to Miss Anna, the handsome daughter of Newton Sorrell, of near Craig.

Okin.

O. B. Denton spent Sunday with his family at Hillsboro.

Mrs. Mary McLain has been quite sick the past week.

Joseph Hixton, of Bethel Ridge, spent Sunday with J. G. Gorrell.

Several from this place attended the celebration at Willroy's grove Saturday.

James R. Gray, wife and two children spent Sunday with relatives near Wyoming.

Okin school began Monday with Miss Louie B. Ramey, of near Owingsville, teacher, and Miss Anna McLain, of this place, assistant.

Correspondents will please remember to always mail their items so that they will reach us on Monday. This matter is seriously important to us.

NOTICE.—Obituaries, memorials, etc., not exceeding 80 words, inserted free; \$1 charged for each additional eighty words.

Clubbing Terms.

Mrs. Rebecca Stout, the esteemed wife of Wm. Stout, died at her home Saturday, July 3d, 1897, at 5 o'clock a. m., of consumption. Mrs. Stout was buried and reintered in Virginia. She with her husband and family moved to this State about five years ago. Since that time she had won the friendship of many of Montgomery county's best people. She was 47 years old, and 35 of the years she was a member of the Baptist Church. She had eight children, seven of them living at home and one married, a daughter living in Virginia, who arrived in time for the funeral, which was held at the residence Saturday evening by Rev. Bolin, of Mt. Sterling; burial in Mt. Sterling Cemetery.

Sherburne.

Several from here attended the picnic at Willroy's woods Saturday.

C. T. Vice and tenants sold to Walter Sharp one barn of tobacco at 7c per lb.

Mr. Martin and wife, of Reynoldsburg, were the guests of the family of Pete Ledford Sunday.

Mrs. Gertrude Newcomb returned Wednesday from a two weeks' visit to the Exposition at Nashville, Tennessee.

The farmers of this vicinity have just finished harvesting the finest crop of wheat that has been harvested for several years.

H. F. Smith, of Sharpsburg, will teach the public school in this place. Mr. Smith and wife will move here in a short time.

Flat Creek.

Daniel Goodan was at Olympia Sunday.

John Onkley visited the Olympia Springs Sunday.

Born, last week, to the wife of Lee Steele, a boy (John William).

Several boys from here went to the picnic at Willroy's Saturday.

Mrs. Wm. Rice and son, Holman, visited Wm. Wright on State Sunday.

The correspondents are not just to Gen. Nelson A. Miles he made of himself at the Queen's Jubilee in London what the Englishman pronounces as it was split with the eighth, first and nineteenth letters of the alphabet, the latter letter repeated.

Miss Nina Hazelrigg, of Owingsville, visited Miss Catherine Rice several days last week.

Mrs. Lane and daughter, Emily, of Mt. Sterling, visited at Tom Fassett's one day last week.

Miss Eva McKinney is spending several weeks with her sister, Mrs. Vauhningham, in Scott county.

Bethel.

Elder Trimble, of Mt. Sterling, was here Friday.

Quite a number of our citizens went to Carlisle, Saturday, to bear George W. Young speak.

Mrs. Sharp and Mrs. Bruner, of Mt. Sterling, spent a few days with their sister, Mrs. Will Peters.

Charles Goodpaster and wife visited their daughter, Mrs. W. B. Power, on Flat Creek, first of the week.

John F. Conner and wife, and Nathaniel Markland and wife attended the meeting at Olympia Sunday.

Master Chester Crouch, of Owingsville, is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Maulay, this week.

Sharpsburg.

Too warm Saturday and Sunday to tell the truth.

Dr. J. Worth Rutherford was in Mt. Sterling Saturday.

W. H. Cunn was at Mt. Sterling Thursday last on business.

W. H. Rutledge and wife returned last Thursday from a trip to Louisville.

Joseph Rice, wife and Mrs. Ann Gossell visited J. R. Triplett on last Thursday.

Davis Ramsey, of near Mt. Sterling, visited relatives and his best girl last Saturday week.

Mrs. Clifton Prewitt, of Montgomery county, spent Thursday and Friday with Mrs. Wm. Barker.

Miss Margaret Jones, of Mt. Sterling, is visiting Mrs. James Shanks, and other relatives here this week.

David Cassidy and wife, of Little Rock, were the guests of their father, John Fields, Saturday and Sunday.

M. T. Peters spent several days at the Winsted with Dr. Anderson, who is treating him professionally.

Preston.

Lon Carmichael, of Lexington, is visiting here.

Charles Steele, of Stepstone, was in town Sunday.

Charles Reid visited his parents at Umarra Sunday.

Miss Lillie Johnson, of Olympia, visited here the past week.

Walter Barnes visited friends on Roe's Run Saturday and Sunday.

Boyd Meek, wife and Mrs. Mary Hendrix, of Shreveport, visited here Saturday and Sunday.

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